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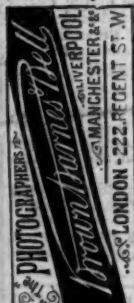
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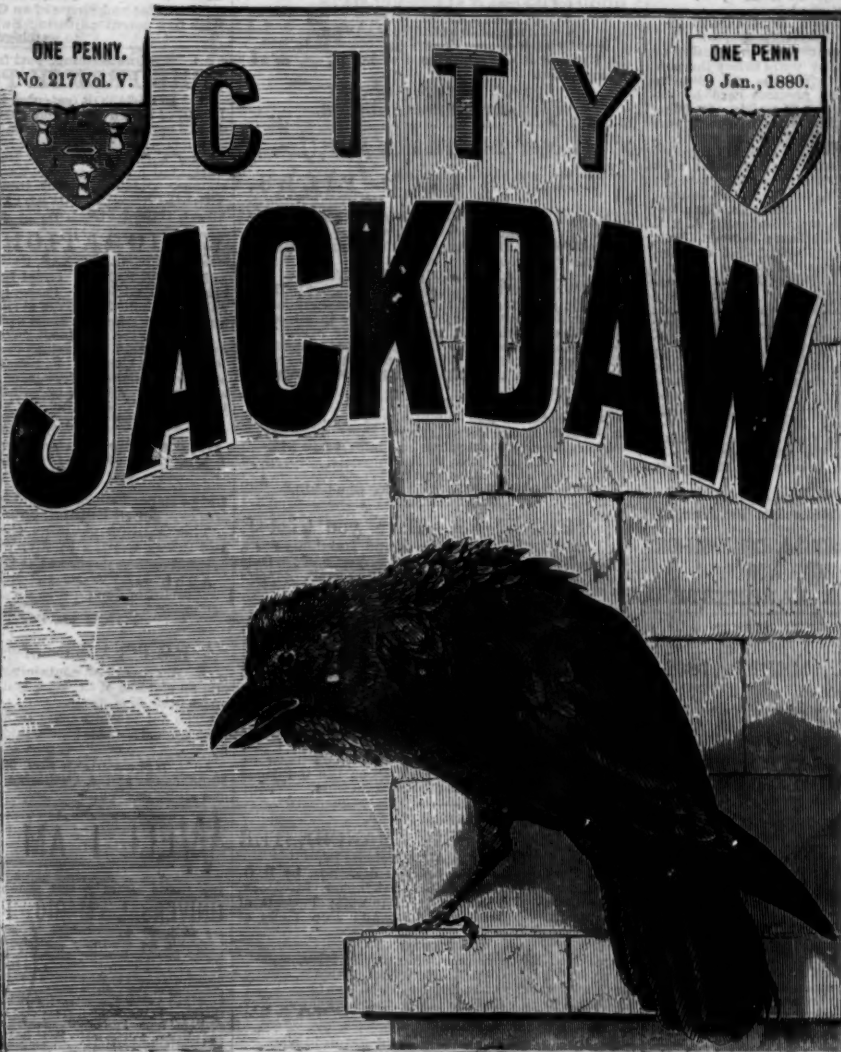
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EDINBURGH COURANT, Nov. 20, 1879.—This little annual is designed mainly for the class indicated in its title. It contains in a handy form a large amount of information useful for a number of different trades, and has besides some useful jottings on machinery.

ENGLISH MECHANIC, Nov. 21.—This is a new annual specially addressed to artisans, though from the nature of the contents it will probably have a very extended sale amongst the general public, for it contains information of a practical kind upon many subjects of interest. There is the usual calendar and almanac matter, and quite a number of useful recipes, besides articles selected from various sources.

HALIFAX COURIER, Nov. 22.—It is a useful sixpennyworth for all descriptions of working men. In addition to the usual calendar and general information looked for in almanacs, there is a mass of well-arranged information suited to the mechanic and general workman, including facts, calculating tables, receipts, inventions (with many illustrations), &c., &c.

SALFORD CHRONICLE, Nov. 22.—We have just received a copy of the "Artizan's Year Book and Engineer and Building Trades' Almanac for the year 1880," which is equal, both in quality and variety of matter, to any of its competitors. Besides an excellent almanac it gives a fund of interesting and useful information to persons of the artisan and mechanical class, for whose use it is specially intended.

MANCHESTER CITY NEWS, Dec. 13.—Messrs. Abel Heywood and Son have begun the issue of a yearly manual and almanac, especially addressed to artisans, engineers, and workmen in the building trades. It is a repository or miscellany of facts of all kinds. There are articles on mahogany stains, preserving skins, building stones, the incrustation of boilers, the use of water power in towns, mathematical instruments, machinery for connecting woodwork, and a hundred other subjects.

BRISTOL MERCURY, Nov. 24.—Chiefly intended for mechanics in the engineers' and building trades, for whom it provides a fund of instructive matter.

COLLIERY GUARDIAN, Nov. 21.—It contains eighty pages of useful and interesting matter, introduced by an able article from the pen of Mr. Abel Heywood, junr., entitled "A Slight Sketch of English-printed Almanacs." The book contains a well-prepared and full calendar, the ministry, eclipses, law terms, stamps, and a vast variety of information both ordinary and extraordinary; indeed, we should think everything which an artisan, engineer, or builder can require. We have little doubt that the venture will be a decided success.

BRIGHTON EXAMINER, Nov. 25.—A valuable contribution to artisans generally, and especially to those who are indicated in the title. The calendar and general useful information usually found in almanacs are preceded by an interesting sketch of the history of English-printed almanacs, and followed by a mass of brief but lucid contributions on subjects relating to science and art in many departments, tables of purchase and sale of property, for building clubs, diameters and circumferences, change wheels for screw cutting, &c., construction of frames, lathes, drills, the application and use of water-power in towns, photography, lithography, &c., and valuable hints on a hundred other subjects, compressed within the compass of a handy sixpenny volume.

EASTERN MORNING NEWS, Dec. 5.—This almanac contains much information of special value to all concerned in the engineering and building trades, including many calculations, tables, and receipts.

ASHTON REPORTER, Nov. 20.—This is a valuable compendium of information, and may well be called a *multum in parvo*. We shall not attempt to enumerate the many different items of scientific and technical instruction relating to almost all kinds of professions and trades, many of which are illustrated by diagrams, but we may safely assert that all classes of workmen and amateurs would find it useful as a book for frequent reference, at a merely nominal cost.

WIGAN OBSERVER, Nov. 16.—It is full of information of special use to workmen in the various trades mentioned, and cannot fail to have a wide circulation, the almanac supplying a want often complained of.

EDINBURGH DAILY REVIEW, Nov. 26.—This almanac contains a large collection of useful and interesting information suitable for all classes of artisans in the engineering and building trades, besides hints which inventors may probably read. The subjects upon which the editor and others have written are too numerous even to mention. The diagrams by which many of the subjects treated are illustrated are clearly printed and easily understood by the references in the various articles.

THE BAZAAR, Dec. 1.—A publication that deserves wide circulation among mechanics and workmen generally. The quantity of sound information and useful hints it contains is surprising.

ILLUSTRATED CARPENTER AND BUILDER, Dec. 5.—An excellent year book for the mechanic. The information given is well digested, and many of the short pieces of information on points in mechanical manipulation convey hints of great value to the workman. The longer articles are also characterised by a clearness and simplicity which will commend them to all artisans. The value of engineering and mechanical tables is also great.

PUBLIC OPINION, Nov. 29.—The Artizan's Year Book and Almanac, 1880, is full of information of the most varied and practical kind, and much of the valuable matter it contains is such as is not to be found elsewhere.

OLDHAM CHRONICLE, Nov. 29.—Is likely to have an extensive sale, not only locally, but throughout the country. It is an excellent protest against centralisation, and affords substantial evidence of what Manchester can do in the production of a thoroughly useful almanac for those interested in the engineering and building trades. Among the numerous woodcuts in the work is an artistic sketch of the birthplace of Crompton. In addition to a large amount of technical information, the work contains much that is useful to the general reader with reference to building clubs, life insurance, &c.

WESTERN MAIL (Cardiff), Dec. 5.—This book contains the memoranda on every-day subjects usually given in almanacs, and, in addition, a collection of short articles on industrial subjects. There are descriptions of hydraulic machines, printing presses, lathes, &c.; directions for calculating the weight and strength of building materials; and hints which cannot fail to be of use to artisans on a variety of other matters. The "Year Book," indeed, is one that may be taken up with profit by any intelligent person.

BUILDING NEWS, Nov. 21.—A well-selected compendium of useful information, likely to be of daily service to everybody in any way connected with construction or machinery. The matter has been gathered from reliable sources, and the compilers should receive sufficient encouragement to repeat their efforts in 1881.

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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. V.—No. 217.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, 9 JANUARY, 1880.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

AN ABRIDGMENT OF

"GREGSON'S FRAGMENTS OF LANCASHIRE."

XI.

IN the hundred of West Derby there were anciently fourteen parishes or parts of parishes, but there are now fifteen, Liverpool having been severed from Walton by an Act of Parliament in 1698. The parish of Walton-on-the-Hill is still very extensive, and contains the following townships:—Walton, Bootle and Linacre, Croxeth, Everton, Fazakerley, Formby-with-Ansdell and Ravensmeols, Kirkby, Kirkdale, Simmondswood, Toxteth Park, and West Derby. The living of Walton is a rectory, the church a vicarage, and is pleasantly situated about three miles from Liverpool.

The patronage of the advowson of the parish church of Walton-on-the-Hill remained with the abbot and monks of St. Peter, Salop, from the foundation of the vicarage in 1326 until 1470, when it was purchased from the monastery by the ancient and honourable family of Molyneux, who, in 1747, sold it to Sir William Heathcote, Baronet, of Hursley Lodge, in the county of Southampton, for £2,500, and Setton for £1,600. The advowson of this church was afterwards purchased in 1810, by John Leigh, Esq., of Sandhills, near Bootle, for about £10,000.

The Waltons of Walton-on-the-Hill, the Waltons of Walton-le-Dale, and the Waltons of Hale, appear to be branches of the same family. "Richard de Waleton, or Walton, held fourteen oxgangs of land, with the appurtenances, in Waleton, in the county of Lancaster, of the king, by the serjeanty of making executions of the writs of our lord the king, and attachments in the wapentakes of Derby and Makersfield, and he is bailiff in the same fee." This is mentioned in 1205. By the records in the Tower, King John had a grant of Waleton confirmed as above to Richard, the son of Robert de Walton. Richard de Walton had a son William, who was living temp. Edward the Second. William was succeeded by Simon, William, Robert, John, and Thomas de Walton. Thomas had a son, Roger de Walton, who died without heirs male, but had two daughters, co-heiresses, of whom Margaret married William Chorley, Esq., of Chorley, in Lancashire, and the other, Elizabeth, married Richard Cross, of Liverpool.

The said William Chorley, by Margaret Walton, had a son, William Chorley, of Chorley, born 1478, who had a relief granted at the sessions held at Lancaster, before Guideon Fairfax and John Davasonne, justices of the dukedom of Lancaster, of the lands of his ancestors, after the feast of Bartholomew, 1493, witness Roger Brookholes. This William Chorley had two sons, William and Leonard. William, the eldest, who died in his father's lifetime (born 1528), had a son, William, who married the daughter of John Cross, of Liverpool. One son only of this marriage survived, who was born in 1594, who was succeeded by his son, William Chorley, born 1619. This William Chorley's grandson, Richard Chorley, of Chorley, together with his son, Charles Chorley, joined the rebels, who surrendered at Preston in 1715, and were tried and committed of high treason on the 12th January following, at Liverpool. Richard Chorley was executed at Preston on 19th February, and his son, Charles Chorley, died through grief in prison. Upon these events the estates in Walton, Chorley, and other places were sequestered and sold.

Leonard Chorley, the second son of William Chorley before-mentioned, married Emma, daughter of Robert Blundell, of Ince-Blundell.

William Chorley, who was born in 1528, and died in his father's lifetime, had also a son, Alexander Chorley, of Furnival's Inn, London, whose eldest son, John Chorley, born 1611, married Elizabeth, daughter of Hugh Ley, citizen and skinner, of London. John had several children, from

whom are descended the Chorley's of Rainhill, Warrington, Liverpool, Prescott, &c.

At Fazakerley, adjoining Walton, the Fatzackerleys or Fazakerleys, an ancient family, resided; and Robert Fazakerley, temp. Henry the Fourth, married Hellen Walton, daughter and heiress of Robert Walton, of Walton. The family pedigree of fourteen generations previous to Henry the Fourth, gives reason to suppose that they were of Saxon origin; no name resembling this appearing in the roll of Battle Abbey. In the time of Henry the Seventh (*vide Harleian MS.*) it appears that Roger Fazakerley married Elizabeth, daughter of Blundell, of Crosby. Nicholas, their son, lived temp. Henry the Eighth; his son, Roger Fazakerley, about 1528, married the daughter and co-heiress of George Pemberton, of Pemberton, and their grandson, Nicholas Fazakerley, in 1591, married the daughter of John More, Esq., of Bank Hall, who was one of the Mores, of More Hall. Robert Fazakerley, the son of this marriage, is the same who signed the visitation book of Richard St. George Norray and Henry St. George Blew Mantle, in 1613, on the occasion of their visitation of Lancashire. From this Robert Fazakerley were descended Counsellor Fazakerley (who was contemporary with Sir Thomas Bootle, of Lathom House) and John Nicholas Fazakerley, Esq., M.P. for the city of Lincoln, who had many estates in the hundred of West Derby and other parts of the country.

After the rebellion of 1715, about one-third of the estate of Walton, the part belonging to the Chorleys, was sold, under a decree of Chancery, to Abraham Crompton, Esq., and another third, which belonged to the Fazakerleys, with Spellawe House, was purchased by James, Earl of Derby, from that family. The other third remained with the Briers, or Bryers, until 1746, when Roger Bryers, and Lawrence Bryers, his son, sold it to one of the Athertons, whose grandson, John Joseph Atherton, removing to Ludlow, sold the hall and his part of the Walton estate to Thomas Leyland, Esq., who was Mayor of Liverpool, and for his upright and useful conduct in the discharge of the duties of that important office, was presented by his fellow-townsmen with a splendid and valuable vase, on which the following arms were engraved, with an inscription highly complimentary to his character as chief magistrate:—*Argent, on a fess, sable a lion passant between 2 escallops of the field, in chief, 9 ears of barley, gules 3 and 3 each, placed one in pale and two in saltire, and banded with a string, or.* The Waltons of the Hill bore:—*Azure, 3 swans proper, 2 and 1, beaked and leagued, or, which quartering was conferred, with Spellawe House, and one-third of the estate, upon Robert Fazakerley by marriage with Hellen, daughter of Robert Walton, of Walton, temp. Henry the Fourth; upon William Chorley, of Chorley, by his marriage with Margaret Walton; and upon Richard Cross, of Cross Hall and Liverpool, who married Elizabeth Walton; both the last named being daughters and co-heiresses of Roger Walton, of Walton. The sole heiress of Cross, who quartered the Walton arms, having married Roger Briers, conferred the quartering upon him by marriage. Arms of Chorley:—*Argent, a chevron gules between 3 blue bottles azure.* Arms of Cross:—*Quarterly, gules and or, on first and fourth a cross potent argent.* Arms of Briers:—*Ermine, on a canton azure, a falcon with wings endorsed, or.* Arms of Fazakerley:—*Ermine, three bars vert.* Arms of Atherton:—*Gules, 3 falcons, or.* In 1780, John Atherton, Esq., of Walton Hall, was sheriff of Lancashire.*

Of the County Ley laid upon the hundred of West Derby, the parish of Walton pays 4 parts of the 48 parts into which the hundred is divided, which 4 parts are subdivided as follows, at a ley of 9 shillings:—Walton-cum-Fazakerley, 1s.; Kirkby, 1s.; Formby, 1s.; Derby, 3s.; Liverpool, 2s.; Kirkdale, 4d.; Bootle and Linacre, 4d.; and Everton, 3d.

Of the musters of soldiers in the first year of Queen Mary, 1553, the parish of Walton had to furnish 36 men out of a county total of 2,000, the

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West Derby hundred being rated at 430. The Walton 36 were made up as follows:—Walton-cum-Fazakerley 7, Liverpool 4, Formby 4, Kirkdale 2, Kirby 5, Derby 11, Bootle and Linacre 3. In 1559 the musters in Lancashire were raised to 3,992 men, harnessed and unharnessed, of which the hundred of West Derby furnished harnessed 959, and unharnessed 313, total 672.

In the musters in the County of Lancaster in 1574, for Queen Elizabeth's service, Roberto Fazakerley and John Crosse had each to furnish one coate plate, one pyke, one longe bowe, "one scheffe of arrowes, one steale cap, and one blacke bill," and William Chorley "one light horse, one harquebut, one long bowe, one scheffe of arrowes, and one scull," and they were to "furnishe, have, and keepe the same for Her Majesty's use," and to be certified to her privie counsell, by force of the said musters in the month of August, 1574. The whole hundred under this muster supplied "archers, being able men, furnished by the countrey with bowes, arrowes, steale cappe, sword, and dagger, 140; billmen, being able men, furnished by the countrey with jacke, sallette, bill, sword, and dagger, 429; archers, being able men, unfurnished, 140; billmen, being able men, unfurnished, 390."

In Domesday Book, relating to the lands between the Ribble and Mersey, there inserted under "Cestre-shire," and now forming part of Lancashire, we find that in the parish of Walton, Uctred held the manor of Cherchobi (Kirkby), with five other manors in which there were two hides of land, a wood of two miles, and two series of hawks; the same thane also held Cherchdell (Kirkdale), which was worth ten shillings, and where was half-a-hide quit from all customs, except the danegelt. Stainulf held Stocchestede (Toxteth) in conjunction with another thane named Bernulf, each holding one virgate of land and one carncate of ploughland, each holding being four shillings. Wineston held in Walestone (Walton) two carncates of land and three bovates, worth eight shillings. Wibertus held Erengermeles (Ravensmeals), where were two carncates of land, worth eight shillings, exempt from all duties except danegelt. Four thanes held Boitelal (Bootle) as four manors. There were two carncates of land, worth sixty-four pence. Three thanes held Fornebel (Formby) as three manors; there were four carncates of land, worth ten shillings. We are also told that a priest held a carncate of land belonging to the church of Walestone (Walton).

[NOTE.—In the Domesday Book, arable land is computed by the oxgay or bovat, which is as much land as can be tilled by one ox each year, and is variously estimated at 15 to 20 acres; the carncate, or plough land, which is as much as can be tilled by one plough, the team of oxen generally consisting of eight. This was estimated in the reign of Richard the First at from 60 to 100 acres, and in that of Edward the Third at about 150 acres. Pasture land is measured by the hide, which was considered as much as would maintain a family, and reckoned from 60 to 120 acres, according to its situation. A virgate is one-fourth of a carncate.]

"CRONICLES OF WESTMORLAND."

[CONCLUDED.]

MR. CLOSE is, naturally, a ladies' man. He was born a lover of the ladies, and is constantly sighing over his unhappy age, which precludes him from the active pursuit "of the most charming creatures in creation," as he poetically addresses the gentler sex. Whenever he beholds a lady he is always able to discover some unusual beauty in her appearance, and his spirit rushes forth in the most extravagant rhapsodies in reference to her physical and intellectual beauty. He sighs for a kiss, saying inwardly, we presume—

"O, might I kiss those eyes of fire—
A million scarce would quench desire."

He can find the sunshine of the summer in the smile of a woman; her voice fills him with the music of the angels; her eyes are to him like the cerulean skies of heaven, and the poor fellow waxes speechless, so powerful is the influence of a woman on this poetical prodigy. We are told that Tennyson is a beautiful love poet; but where are his commonplace effusions when placed beside the following—

"'Twas thus Marc Antony (spite of Imperial pride)
Bent low to peerless beauty in that land
Of groves, and palms, and birds of plumage rare;
Where nature smiled in vernal glory grand—
And Cleopatra, none could her compare.
For one sweet smile a glorious world he gave,
And only one sweet kiss at last must have."

Oh! mighty power of Love—thou rules the world—
When Cupid's arrow fixes in each breast—
Nor king in royal robes but must obey;
No king, however great—all—own thy sway."

There is a sweet negligence in the execution of the above which is as unusual as it is interesting, and originality, in whatever manner displayed, is to be appreciated!

There is a passage in the volume which refers to our local celebrity, Mr. Waugh, who is characterised by the Westmorland bard as "the great Manchester poet; a jolly, grey-haired, aldermanic, John Bull-like gentleman, with a fine intellectual face," &c.; and in addition to this flattering description of our fellow-citizen, Mr. Close has had recourse to poetry to sing the praises of his brother poet—

"And this was Edwin Waugh, whose tales and songs
Has charmed Manchester's admiring thousands
Amidst their weary toil—has cheered them up
And made each feel he was a man indeed.
'Come Whoam to thi Childer and Me' has thrilled in
A thousand dissipated hearts, and touched
Their drink-sick souls—reclaimed the drunkard,
And spread great joy in many a house.
With Byron's magic power he charms the mind
In many a flowery, enchanting poem,
He lifts them up to Heaven and all mankind
Admire his picture of a happy home!
O Edwin Waugh, with a magician's skill
He turns the drunkard to a sober man;
Points out his error, and a world to come,
And thus his muse doth all the good she can!
O glorious poet, the Queen upon her throne
And peasant in his rural humble cot
All speak of thee with glad acclaim
With honour, bless thee, crown thee, on the spot!
Long may thy muse still charm with songs so dear—
Long may thou live to come to Windermere!
And call to see and cheer us in our gloom
Until the angels come to bear us home."

Such is the flattering tribute of the Poet Close to the worth of our Manchester bard, and, unless Mr. Waugh is absolutely incapable of vanity, we are afraid this beautiful estimate of his character will make him a little vain. He will, probably, be proud of such an affectionate friend; a poet who so disinterestedly devotes a page of his precious annual to the celebration of his brother-poet, and speaks with such a sweet certainty of the "Angels coming to bear him" from this vale of tears. There is, evidently, a probability of the Poet Close, or our friend, Mr. Waugh, reaching the unhappy land whose approach is paved with "good intentions!"

"The great poet," says Mr. Close, "walked with us arm in arm, to let [we cannot conceive what the "them" has reference to] see two poets, for a wonder, loving each other."

There is plenty of interest in the "Cronicles of Westmorland," and we would endeavour still more to enlighten the reader as to the nature of the poet's genius were we able, but, to quote the words of the coming classic:—

"Space forbids us more to say,
Time not allow us to portray
All we can tell."

So, hoping we have succeeded in convincing the reader that Mr. Close's annual is no ordinary publication, we beg to conclude.

MURMUR NOT.

AH, murmur not, darling one, for pain
Cannot last—it will pass away;
The gloomy clouds will clear off again,
And all will be glad and gay.
For the beautiful roses will blow,
And the merry birds will sing,
And the sun will cheer with his golden glow
The early bright days of spring.

The murmuring brook will sparkling dance,
And your heart will be gay and glad;
You will meet again your true-love's glance,
Ah, then be no longer sad!
And you will smile when the sunbeams fall,
Brightening everything;
Then murmur not, dearest one, for all
Things tell it will soon be spring.

Whalley Range.

K. T.

COUPON DINNERS.

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WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON.

BORN, NEWTON STREET, ANCOATS, MANCHESTER, 30TH JUNE, 1821.

DIED, ST. JAMES' TERRACE, REGENT PARK, LONDON, 27TH DECEMBER, 1879.

WE give this week the first part of a graceful tribute to this celebrated Manchester man, from the *Athenæum* of Jan. 3rd, of which paper he was the editor from 1853 to 1869; which will, we submit, be read with a pleasurable pain by his friends and admirers, after the usual carping criticism that appeared in last week's *City News*, in thirty-three lines. How is it that, as a rule, all successful literary characters or books of Manchester, not of its clique, have this style of criticism meted out to them? This goes far to prove the truth of Mr. Disraeli's saying that, "Critics are those who have failed in art and literature," and in such local instances, has the would-be critic failed in literature or art? We leave our readers to guess. However, the article in question is spoken of with the contempt it deserves by all those who have read and not scamped the works of Mr. Dixon. Our *City News* critic states that "Mr. William Hepworth Dixon, a voluminous author, who, whatever his merits"—(here came in the "little grain of conscience that made him sour")—"managed to make a considerable noise in the world, died on Saturday last." Hepworth Dixon in his boyhood worked in a factory in Newton Street. Nothing of the sort; it was at M'Connell's mill in Union Street, and afterwards at Kennedy's, in Ancoats Street, he worked, as many of his living fellow-workmen can prove. "He . . . wrote many volumes of a semi-historical, semi-descriptive character." And where will you find better historical or descriptive characters, semi or otherwise, Mr. *Thersites*? who

"Only clamoured in the throng,
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue,
Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controll'd."

Spleen to mankind his envious heart possess'd,
And much he hated all, but most the best."

Iliad, Book 2, l. 255.

"His first considerable work was an attempt to refute Macaulay's estimate of William Penn, and he thought he had convinced even the historian, but Macaulay never admitted it, and there is no evidence to prove it." Is it likely that a veteran and flattered writer like Macaulay, then 51 years old, in 1851, would cry stinking fish to a comparatively unknown "young man from the country," aged 30? Those who have read Macaulay's criticisms on Bacon, Penn, Oliver Goldsmith, and Boswell's Life of Johnson, and then read the works of those authors, will know how to value many of the tergiversations of that popular and brilliant writer, as weighed by the evidences and proofs of time. "No evidence?" The whole of the books of Dixon on Penn and Bacon are evidence positive against Macaulay. As regards his "books on exceptional forms of life or new phases of society," did the *City News* critic know of these "exceptional forms and phases" before written on by Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon? "His style was peculiar. It was formed on that of Macaulay's; was too often forced without being forcible; and had always a sort of meretricious glare about it. It is doubtful whether anything he wrote will live." Not amongst the admirers of the *City News* censor's style or judgment. Well might Byron say:—

"A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure, critics all are ready made."

Cavaliere Andrea Crestadoro, *Knight of the Crown of Italy*, was Chief Librarian of the Public Free Libraries of Manchester, from 1864 to 7 April, 1879, on which date he died, aged 71. He had for two years previous to this (1862) been specially engaged as cataloguer, from the British Museum, where he had served under his countryman, Sir Antonio Panizzi, K.C.B., when Chief Librarian of the British Museum, and who, strange to say, died the day after Cavaliere Crestadoro, on the 8 April, 1879, aged 82. Cavaliere Crestadoro was a most learned and courteous gentleman to all who needed his services; not only as a librarian, but as a cataloguer (a far more onerous and difficult an art), also as a scientist of world-wide fame, which may be seen from the *City News* of 26 April, 1879, p. 2, on "Dr. Crestadoro as a Balloonist." This gentleman not only gave us one of the most scientific and useful Catalogues of the Books in our Free Reference Library known in the world, but he had published scientific works on various subjects, in English, French, and Italian, besides being a Latin and Greek scholar. On the death of this gentleman on the 7 April, 1879, there appeared a notice in the next issue of the *City News*, 12 April, on the "Death of Crestadoro" (note the terseness of the title), which consisted of twenty and a half lines; three of the lines were

sufficient to give his name, occupation, age, and death, the remaining seventeen and a half consisted of a querulous query, to a dead man, why he had not published another and continuous catalogue of the Reference Library since 1864, he having "completed the first volume in one year and nine months."

"Money has been voted for this work, and as the Libraries Committee is therefore not responsible for its non-completion, it is natural to ask who is." . . . "He was the author of some scientific, bibliographical, political, and economical pamphlets, and had patented several mechanical inventions."

Now, if the *City News* critic had only have known anything of what he was writing about, or the work of compiling a catalogue, he would have known that "Crestadoro" was not to blame, especially after death, and had he really wished to serve his patrons, the public, he would not have put in the saving clause about the "Libraries Committee," who is alone to blame for the delay; but no! it was safer to bark at a dead lion, than ask a living chairman of the Libraries Committee that question, for he would have found out, and he knew it, that he had caught a Tartar. But the question is still open to him—to prove his pluck—when will the next volume of the Free Reference Library Catalogue be published?

Richard Wright Procter, the author of "Memorials of Manchester Streets," 1874, and many other local works of rare research and labour, published another Book entitled "Memorials of Bygone Manchester, with Glimpses of the Environs," of 411 pages, on Thursday evening the 4 Dec., 1879, on the 6 Dec. appeared a criticism (?) in the *City News*, of about a dozen lines, sharp reading if read, just one day to read and criticise; true, but nothing is impossible to one of Byron's "ready-made critics;" in which criticism was said that, the paper, printing, binding, and general get up was faultless, but that, the "contents would not be found worthy of the casket."

The same style of disparaging criticism was given on the appearance of "Memorials of Manchester Streets;" yet strange to say it was a success. It is really necessary—sometimes—to read before you criticise.

Now, I submit, after these specimens of the *City News* criticisms, I am justified in stating that, as a rule, all successful literary, characters or books of Manchester have this style of criticism meted out to them, or, as Pope has it—

"Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike;
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike."

I do not object to the quantity, but the quality of the so-called criticisms; yet, surely, more than thirty-three lines for Dixon, twenty and a half for Crestadoro, might have been given, when, in mid-winter, column after column, week after week, can be given, *ad nauseum*, of "Leaves from a Journal" of mid-summer; shall we be compelled to suffer the mid-winter "Leaves" in midsummer? But then, a live dog, Solomon tells us, is more valuable than a dead lion. Let the critic of the *Manchester City News* bear in mind the too true verse of Tennyson's—

"—Nine tithes of times
Face-flatterers and backbiters are the same.
And they, sweet soul, that most impute a crime
Are prone to it, and impute themselves,
Wanting the mental range; or low desire
Not to feel lowest makes them level all;
Yea, they would pare the mountain to the plain,
To leave an equal baseness;"—

or in the words of another Lancashire lad, sum up all things Lancashire in—

"As who should say, you wear fine Boots to day,
But I preserve the Clogs you wore,
In days of yore."

But, to a pleasanter task. What says the *Athenæum* of the departed gentleman, William Hepworth Dixon?

(To be continued in our next.)

THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL: FARR v. HENNIKER.

IF filling Graham's post resigned
The best man to bespeak,
The Government had been inclined,
They had not far to seek;
But when a job they had to plan,
As is their nature to,
Of course, 'tis plain to any man
That any cur would do!

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CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Theatre Royal.—Pantomime—*Dick Whittington and His Cat*.
 Prince's Theatre.—Pantomime—*The Forty Thieves*.
 Queen's Theatre.—Pantomime—*Old Mother Goose*.
 The Folly Theatre of Varieties.—Extra Attractions.
 The Gaiety.—Variety Entertainment. Extra Attractions.
 Cooke's Circus, Chepstow Street—*Cinderella*.
 Keith's Circus, Quay Street—*Lord Mayor's Show*.
 Free Trade Hall.—Messrs. Poole and Young's Diorama.
 Whaite's, Bridge Street.—German Fair.
 Belle Vue.—Zoological Gardens.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

ON Sunday morning, the Bishop of Manchester preached in the Eccles Parish Church, in behalf of the Curates' Fund. There was a large congregation, more, we suspect, to see the bishop, than from any idea of any spiritual benefit being reaped from his discourse.

AFTER the correspondence just published, the Honourable Robert Bourke will perhaps consider it prudent to verify the accuracy of his personal statements relative to Mr. Gladstone. Whatever gloss of words he may use in his defence, ordinary people will agree that, at least, he should be better informed than to describe a stranger as an emissary. But the greatest triumph over poor Bourke is that, by the mode of action of Mr. Gladstone, he is compelled to publish the correspondence. Thus the Under-Secretary is sent to school, and made to carry his own birch rod.

CAPTAIN BURNABY, a fine specimen of the drawing-room officer, declares at a public meeting that he wishes to God we were at war with Russia, and is forthwith promoted to the rank of Major.

MAJOR BURNABY states that the glory of British arms must be maintained, even if it be necessary to exterminate a dozen tribes of half-armed savages to accomplish that end. Soon after this, the noble warrior blossoms forth as a Colonel.

COLONEL BURNABY affirms at a public dinner, given in his honour, that it is our bounden duty, as a great scientific nation, to slay without thought of mercy any barbarous race which might be guilty of the heinous crime of defending its country against the attack of a Christian people desirous of possessing a "scientific frontier." This obtains for the gallant soldier the rank of General.

GENERAL BURNABY, grown more warlike, urges the Government to declare war against Russia, at any cost. "What if our commerce is ruined! what if we are saddled with an additional debt of a few hundred millions! what if starvation and its satellite disease kill off the people by thousands! what are all these paltry objections compared with military glory? If the people cry out against the war, send them off to fight." For this noble outburst of patriotic feeling, our modern Bobadil is made a Knight Commander of the Bath.

GENERAL BURNABY, K.C.B., like a tiger that has tasted blood, boasts that with an army of twenty thousand men, provided with every scientific weapon of destruction, he would undertake to attack and exterminate the

Pantagonians, and add their territory to the British empire. This dauntless courage obtains for the great soldier the Victoria Cross, and the honour of Knighthood.

GENERAL SIR FREDERIC BURNABY, K.C.B., V.C., retires with full pay, and when called upon to pay the debt of nature, his mortal remains are interred with military honours in Westminster Abbey. Supposing that this brave soldier had been fool enough to go forth and fight in earnest, he might possibly have been slain by some wretched savage, and where would all the glory have been then? The Major knows better than to do anything so silly. The drawing-room is preferable to the camp, and speech-making is safer than fighting.

THE SLAUGHTER OF INNOCENTS.

MISS WORTHINGTON, a female who has just gone to rusticate for three months in Her Majesty's gaol at Knutsford, is not, on her own showing, a desirable party. We most of us remember the memorable advice given by Mr. Weller, senior, as to those insinuating "vidders," of whom he appeared to have such wholesome dread, but these are emblems of purity compared with Miss Worthington. Her past career and recent conduct stamp her amongst the vilest of the vile. She has been trying to assist in the slaughter of innocents, going on, unfortunately, in our midst. There is cruelty in secret places—unearthed sometimes by the inquisitive bull's eye of the bobby; but much goes on unheeded in the full light of open day. Such appears to have been the case with Martha Worthington. At the Altrincham Petty Sessions, on Monday, she was charged with an aggravated assault upon a little child. The newspaper reports state she was good looking, which may form an excuse in the eyes of dissipated young men, and would certainly form a topic on which Burns would have lectured the "unco guid." This is no doubt all very well as far as it goes. The most callous are not insensible to the charms of a pretty face, but it is on this occasion satisfactory to find the venerable beaks at Altrincham doing their duty. The accounts laid before the Bench showed systematic ill-treatment of the child in question. A witness deposed that she walked away on one occasion when the mother was about to use a cane to it, and that on another she saw her take a toasting-fork and strike it over the eye, after giving the little thing certain preparatory slaps. Its weight was 23½ pounds, whereas the weight of a child of that age is, according to medical testimony, usually 40 to 50. As if horrors upon horrors' head accumulate, we hear it incidentally stated in evidence that this undesirable party was the mother of two other children, one of which the friendly hand of death has relieved her of, and the other is in the hands of those who appear to have sincere affection for it. The charge was clearly brought home to her. It could scarcely have been otherwise with the silent testimony of the little child with its black eye and its bruised back and members, and she will have ample opportunity for serious reflection on past faults, and room for planning future amendment. We trust our readers will not be shocked at these details. We have not painted the picture in its blackest colours. It reveals, to say the least of it, a depth of social degradation amongst the lower classes which will give ample scope for efforts in the practical work of rescuing the fallen. We have much to look for in the spread of education and the building of improved dwellings for the poor. A great deal of this evil is brought about in consequence of the facilities which appear to be placed in the way. A little generous sympathy between the higher and the lower classes might do much to eradicate it, in the example which is set, of good parental oversight. There are evidences of a desire in many quarters, and by various agencies, to promote this desirable end. But why should the poor unfortunate mother be called upon by our seemingly inexorable law to bear the pain and the shame of a moment of folly? We do not allude in this connection to case-hardened people like Martha Worthington, but to that little ewe lamb of the domestic flock, to those tenderly-nurtured Olivias who are deceived by broad-cloth attired brutes, for whom an hour in a public pillory, if there were one, would be too good. In the case referred to, allusion was made to a father, who it was thought "ought to be got at." He ought to be something more than got at. He ought to be placed, if he is the father of this child, side by side with Martha Worthington as an accessory before the fact. In every case where an innocent is slaughtered—and the slaughter is going on daily—we would have this done. Such guileless individuals ought not to be allowed to get off scot free. They ought to be called upon to bear a fair share of the burden. If this were done it would be one of the means of obviating much secret cruelty, and we should hear less than we do of slaughter of innocents.

TOWNE v. BRIGHT ON AMERICA.

A MR. TOWNE, signing from Underbank Rectory, near Sheffield, writes to the *Examiner* of last Friday a pungent, not to say powerful, letter upon Mr. Bright's speech at Rochdale, on the occasion of the return of Mr. Potter from America. Mr. Towne's letter is distinguished for several features of a very objectionable character, supposing, at the same time, that his positions are wholly unassailable. Throughout the letter he affects a lofty scorn of the ignorance of Messrs. Bright and Potter of American affairs generally, and of what they described as a "protective tariff," in particular. Mr. Towne would do well to remember that the honourable gentleman, of whom he talks so glibly, is not a prating ignoramus who gets up and talks stupidly of the matters in question. Also that he is a gentleman whose moderation of expression, and judicial style of utterance, has made him the most powerful and effective speaker in England. So that when he says that Mr. Bright is ignorant, and does not know what he is talking about, Mr. Towne only injures his own case in the eyes of Englishmen. And now what did Mr. Bright say, and what does Mr. Towne rejoin? Mr. Bright said, in effect, it would be better that every people should busy themselves to do that which nature had best fitted them for, and rely upon merchants and traders to supply them with all the varied products of the earth, collected from those places which produced them well, and none else should produce them. Thus Mr. Bright advised the farmers of America to produce corn and sell it to the English, whilst the latter should manufacture goods and sell to the Americans. Mr. Towne laughs this idea to scorn, and thinks Mr. Bright's contemplation of the mote of protection in the American eye has so impaired his faculties that he cannot see the beam of English customs and duties in his own eye, is so large as to endanger their inter-commercial relations altogether. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Towne's critical acumen did not carry him a little deeper in the investigation. He never, in this letter, seems to imagine that there is no parallel in the positions taken up by Mr. Bright at Rochdale, and by himself in his letter. He goes upon the assumption that Custom House duties in England represent prohibitive taxes exactly in the ratio of their amount as similar duties do in America. This, however, is an entire delusion. The object, also, of the duties in the two countries is totally different. In America, the intention is to protect native manufacturers from foreign competition, and they are excessively heavy upon cotton goods, and correspondingly light upon other goods. In England, the sole object of the duties is to raise a national revenue for Governmental purposes, and are not levied upon any class of goods whatsoever for purposes of protection. From this cause the simile of a beam and a mote breaks down altogether. But not alone is Mr. Towne entirely and curiously wrong about Protection, he is as far wrong about the cotton manufacturing capacity of the Americans. He scoffs at the idea that there is any special adaptability of Lancashire people to cotton manufactures, and believes they have already been beaten in most of the great markets of the world. A few facts upon this question are worth a bushel of Mr. Towne's fancies. Will he be good enough to say who makes the greater quantity of cotton goods, the Americans or the English? Of course, he must know the English do, and yet the Americans have all the advantages arising from being on the spot instead of 4,000 miles away from the cotton plantation. Perhaps it will be news to Mr. Towne to learn that a Parliamentary Committee, sitting some years ago, inquiring into cotton subjects, asked each of their witnesses—all experts from the cotton mills—how long they thought an acquaintance with cotton mills was necessary to produce the most expert workers? The reply was, pretty generally, *three generations*, and that answer exactly fits those handicrafts in which delicate manipulation is essential, all the world over. Who can work silk like the Hindoos and Japanese? Who can make toys like the Germans and Swiss? Mr. Towne fell into a third error, more ludicrous than any of his previous ones. He avers that every farmer, in every country, must sell the greater part of his produce for home consumption, or else have a fluctuating trade, and always be in danger of bankruptcy. If he had not dated his letter from a rectory, there would have been a ground for marvel that any man could be so unacquainted with the most notorious facts of trade. Take Holland and Ireland as examples, because they are almost exclusively food-producing countries. In Holland, Dutch cheese, ham, eggs, and butter, are more difficult to buy, and are higher in prices, than they (the Dutch) are in London. The same is true of those articles from Ireland. The fact is, these countries are the great farms for the English market, and have become so only because the farmers get higher prices than they

formerly did from their own countrymen. This is also true of Welsh and Manx mutton. As to the fluctuating trade, the same undercurrent of error also exists as in the other parts of Mr. Towne's letter. So long as any market has become a necessity to mankind, by reason of the daily return of hunger, so long will merchants continue to go wherever good food, in abundance, can be had cheaply. Whenever cultivation shall have far passed men's needs, there will be some danger that farmers will not sell their produce, but not till then. We have not seen any reply to Mr. Towne from Mr. Potter or Mr. Bright, and conclude they have not thought him worth answering.

RUSSIA AND GERMANY.

THE news from Russia of a huge army being upon the frontiers of Germany has come with the suddenness of lightning upon the public. Ordinary readers of political news have not heard a breath of suspicion in the matter, and the general inquiry is, what does the whole matter mean? We do not pretend to be able to unravel the whole mystery, but as aids to a solution of the matter, it is well to remember that the Nihilist and Panslavist movements, at present active in Russia, are distasteful—the Nihilist movement to the Russian government, and the Panslavist movement to the German government. Curiously enough, the Germans believe the Cabinet at St. Petersburg to be secretly fostering—or, at least, permitting—the Panslavist movement to exist, whilst the compliment is returned by the Russian governing party concerning the Nihilist movement in Germany, and hence the strain of relations. Diplomatic notes of importance are reported to have passed between the governments, and it is to be hoped hostilities will be avoided. If, however, the Russians break the peace, it is very probable they will find there is a vast difference between fighting Bismarck and Von Moltke, and the great Napoleon. Telegraphs and railways have almost made impossible another edition of Eylau and Borodino. It is more than likely that Austria will get another huge slice of Poland, so as to still further make her the powerful wedge-like country, stopping the Russian road to Constantinople. It is probable, also, that the memory of the Russian conqueror of Poland, the infamous Marshal Suvorov, is still rankling in the national mind of Poland, and the recollection of the horrors of Prague and Cracow would heighten the popular ferment. If the Russian Emperor is seeking to withdraw the attention of the people from domestic affairs by a foreign war, he is playing a very hazardous game. Both the Napoleons did that in their day, and both lost all on the venture.

AFFAIRS IN IRELAND.

MATTERS have assumed a very serious aspect in Ireland at last. The really solid basis of Messrs. Parnell and Davitt's agitation, so long denied in Ministerial circles, has been admitted, and a lady, the highest in Ireland, the Duchess of Marlborough, has led the way with a subscription on behalf of the peasantry, which we announced last week had already reached the noble sum of £8,400. But there is need of fifty times that amount to lift the abject poor from their miserable condition. The commissioner of the *Graphic* is now going through Ireland portraying scenes of misery not equalled in Ireland since 1848, and at length the distress has culminated in open defiance of the law; the police have fired upon the people, and a woman and a boy are shot. This fracas is in support of a gentleman who has attempted to draw £40 or £50 per year more from his estate than the Government valuer has declared the land to be worth. We are not about to discuss the moral aspect of the question at all. We will only aver that, if the question is once brought forward, at a time of famine, and hangs upon the "right" of demanding £40 or £50 per year more rent than its valued amount, the people will be sure to answer with at least shot for shot. We hope a very large response to the appeal for relief will be made by the nation. The cheapest weapon we can direct against the Irish for the certain cure of agitation and disaffection is a four-pound loaf. Bombard the villages with loaves and cheese, and what an allaying of the ghost of rebellion will ensue. Verily, should the Duchess of Marlborough very greatly succeed with her subscription list; she will have conquered a greater power than did her celebrated namesake of Ramilles and Malplaquet, for he only subdued an army, but she will subdue a rebellious people. We hope the time has nearly come when the British Government will cease to use police and coercion acts in Ireland, and take to using justice and charity.

BROOK'S DANDELION COFFEE

is the best. May be had from Burgon & Co.; Woolley's; Auty & Firth; Woodhead & Son; Holgate & Co.; N. Gould & Co.; Beesley & Gardner; Lamb & Holmes; Cadman; Leak; Smallman; Woodroffe; and all Grocers. MAKERS—BROOK & CO., 76, HANOVER STREET, MANCHESTER.

THE GUARDIANS' CHAMPAGNE.

THE public of this part of England will be quite concerned to find that Manchester is not alone in having a model Board of Guardians. The West Derby Union boasts a board having a fine taste for champagne, especially when obtained at a cheap rate. Our able contemporary, the *Liberal Review*, has ascertained that these West Derby Guardians levy a sort of black mail upon their newly elected officers, by having made it understood among the officials that a gift of champagne from the successful candidates for election is a passport to their favour. The *Review* spoke strongly upon this matter lately, and the West Derby Guardians are wroth,—virtuous men, of course. The *Review* returned to the charge last week, and says:—

"Some of the members of the West Derby Board of Guardians are, it seems, greatly astonished that their proceedings have attracted our notice. We are informed that these gentlemen desire to know what the *Liberal Review* has to do with them and their dinners or their fondness for champagne. Well, we are willing to confess that in many respects the *Liberal Review* has nothing to do with them, and we are profoundly thankful that such is the case. In one respect, however, we are bound to pay a little attention to the doings of the insignificant people who have been made guardians; and who, metaphorically speaking, go about cap in hand touting for champagne at the expense of the officials whom they employ. These insignificant people have unfortunately been elected by a too-confiding community into a public position. They are guardians of the poor; and it is essential that the people should know what sort of guardians they have chosen. This, then, is what the *Liberal Review* has to do with the irate and somewhat vulgar nobodies who are grumbling at the notoriety which has been thrust upon them, and who are dismayed at the prospect of being deprived of champagne provided at the expense of officials. We are, however, rejoiced to find that a majority of the board are right-minded enough to be ashamed of the cadging spirit which has been displayed by a few of their body. We learn, also that the dinners which take place regularly after the Workhouse Committee meetings are not elaborate affairs. Plain roast and boiled joints only are provided, and those who partake of them pay one shilling each for their repasts. We have no doubt that these dinners are well worth the money, but if the guardians do their work thoroughly the ratepayers will not grumble because they get, once a week, a cheap dinner. They give a good deal of time to the public service, and it will be remembered that the Liverpool Town Council, which is a much more aristocratic body, does not even call upon its members to make a pretence of paying for their lunch. Therefore we will conclude that the dinners are an institution that cannot be done without, and say nothing further about them. Champagne paid for by the servants of the board is not such an institution. It not only can but it must be done without. Why should retired butchers, or bakers, or publicans, who have taken it into their heads that they are fit and proper persons to be guardians of the poor, be allowed to levy blackmail upon all the poor fellows who apply to them for situations under the board? This is what the practice would come to if the meansouled guardians with a passion for champagne are not made to feel that the public disapprove of their practices. If it became a custom for the successful candidates to send so many bottles of champagne, it would very soon be recognised that no one who was unable or unwilling to send champagne would have a chance of being elected."

We have not yet heard of any exploits of this kind at Manchester, but we must be careful to observe all due precautions on that head, for our gentlemen entertain such contempt for outsiders. Meanwhile we hope the electors of West Derby will relieve such cadgers of their duties as guardians. The services of those who require to be treated to champagne every time an official has to be voted for are not very valuable.

SCHOOL "BORES."

SCHOOL INSPECTOR (to class): "What are these that I've got on my fingers?"

SCHOLAR: "Please sir, warts!"

INSPECTOR: "No, no. Tut! tut! I mean *these*."

CLASS: "Rings, sir."

INSPECTOR: "Quite right. Now, what are they made of?"

CLASS (con amore): "Brass, sir!"

[Collapse of Inspector.]

AMUSEMENTS.

THE SPANISH.

THE old comedy of "A Daring Attempt to Assassinate Royalty," has been reproduced on this stage, and, as an additional attraction, the would-be assassin, (?) when arrested, confesses, and implicates accomplices. But, notwithstanding the additions made, we think the public are already tired of this class of recreation. The whole piece is too shallow and easily seen through. Sometime or other a King or Queen might get killed *accidentally*; what then?

THE RUSSIAN.

Here there is no change, the same farce of "Threats, Plots, and Attempts," is being made, ending in arrests, banishments, and executions. But, after all, the public are wearying of this class of farce, and one of the audience may, some day, think it real and carry it out too well for the managers.

THE TURKEY.

A little addition has been made in the above, though the piece still bears the name of "The Great Reformer; or, Broken Promises." The addition mentioned is an amusing incident caused by a Christian (?) ambassador, who, hearing that a Turk has been arrested for assisting to translate the Bible into Turkish, demands the prisoner's immediate release, and threatens that, unless the demand is complied with, he will break off all diplomatic relations, pending instructions from home. The Sultan, of course, protests, promises, and asks for delay, and, as usual, does nothing.

THE BRITISH.

A new (to us) piece has been recently produced here, "A Monarch Attended by a Policeman," in imitation of the continental farces of "Attempted Assassination." Like all imitations it is inferior, and the principal attraction of shooting has been omitted. Possibly, the omission will be added later, but we would advise the manager to get a good marksman in that case. For if the would-be assassin is not accustomed to firearms, he might kill someone, perhaps the would-be hero or *Heroine*.

THE BURIAL OF A NAME.

NOT a sound was heard from whistle or throat,
As upstairs to the boxes we hurried;
Not a citizen lingered to guard his vote,
As the name of — we buried.

We ransacked the boxes at dead of night,
The lids with our bayonets turning;
By the sputtering Lucifer's genial light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No friend or follower near him stood,
No halo of victory crowned him;
But he lay like a leaf-covered babe in the wood,
With the Bobbies still fluttering round him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
As we've been in the habit of saying;
But we muttered some opposite phrases instead,
In the palinode manner of praying.

We thought as each plumper we quickly destroyed,
And waited not even to tot 'em,
How his name would sink dismally down in the void,
And resolved it should sink to the bottom.

Jeering they'll point to his lowly array,
In the lists on the placards before him,
But little he'll reck, and he'll probably say
That the scum of the city floats o'er him!

Our pleasant professional job was done,
When the clock pealed its sonorous ditty;
And we trembled to think that the carillon
Might waken the slumbering city.

So we stealthily fled by the sound of the chimes
From that room in the uppermost story;
And we hope all note takers and makers of rhymes,
Will leave us alone in our glory!

ARONSBERG'S "PERFECTION" SPECTACLES ONLY TO BE HAD AT 13, VICTORIA STREET, AND 103, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

PICKINGS FROM THE "TOWN CRIER."

RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

AT a meeting attended solely by myself, the following resolutions for the New Year were carried unanimously:—

Resolved.—That this meeting have a pair of drab gaiters, they're all the go.

Resolved.—That this meeting have a new silk umbrella, a new gold repeater, and a cellar of good vintage wine, all to be provided at the expense of liberal and admiring friends.

Resolved.—That this meeting's wife don't want to go to any bazaars, or evening parties requiring new dresses, and doesn't run up any nasty long milliners' and dressmakers' bills unknown to this meeting.

Resolved.—That this meeting goes to business later, leaves earlier, does less, and earns more than last year.

Resolved.—That this meeting attends the funeral of several rich old distant relatives, who will leave it large legacies during the coming year.

Resolved.—That this meeting buys some land and property where there's likely to be a new Improvement Street wanted.

Resolved.—That this meeting goes to Lodge a little oftener during the coming year, in spite of the unreasonable remonstrances of this meeting's wife.

Resolved.—That this meeting's household expenses be considerably diminished in consequence of bad trade, and in order that this meeting may purchase more books and pictures, and good old wine.

Resolved.—That this meeting have a new hat.

Resolved.—That the foregoing resolutions be advertised in the *Town Crier* free of expense.

CHRISTMAS HORRORS AND RECREATIONS.

(By our Musical, Dramatic, and Descriptive Critic.)

Jacob, my fierce old fizzor, I love thee well, but never more an officer of yours. I have no fault to find with the handsome salary I received from your liberal hands, excepting that it might come oftener, and might be more; but, with regard to my appointment generally, I may say, in choice constabulary language, "I chuck it up." Three pantomimes, four concert halls, two Town Hall concerts, with sundry tea parties, and festivities at the Gaol and Lunatic Asylum, have been too much for my constitution. After writing the present interesting notice I intend to retire from literature, and try to get an honest living by stock jobbing, iron dealing, jerry building, directing, or something in that form.

THE THEATRES.—The superb and splendid glorious pantomimes produced at the various theatres are likely to have a long and successful run (and so shall I if ever I am asked to go and see them again). The dialogues are fresh, funny and original, and unlike anything we have heard before (or wish to hear again). The scenery is a caution (to sore eyes), and the music is exactly what it should be (for the Deaf and Dumb Asylum), and the whole productions reflect the greatest credit (upon those who take the money and put it the bank).

Everyone should not lose a moment in going to see these three triumphs of stage art. Each pantomime is better than the other, and no one knows what human intelligence is capable of sustaining till he has seen these glorious productions.

[To-morrow I attend the funeral of the only man I know who has seen all three all through.]

N.B.—The remarks in parenthesis are not necessarily intended for publication, but for the information of the Editor.

CHRISTMAS AT THE WORKHOUSE.—The inmates of this noble institution spent a most enjoyable Christmas. Calling on the morning after Christmas Day, I found none of the inmates any the worse for any turtle soup, oysters, turkey, and woodcock, Roederer, Amontillado, Maraschino, and 1834 Port they may have had. I also understand that some readings given by the Master, and which included "The Union Jack," and "A Visit to the Skilly Islands," were greatly appreciated.

CHRISTMAS AT THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.—A very pleasant evening was spent at the Lunatic Asylum on Christmas Eve. Being a Good Templar, a Junior Conservative, and a member of the Young Men's Missionary and Milk and Water Society, I felt quite at home in the society of the amiable tenants of the excellent institution at Winson Green. It is true there was one talkative old lunatic who thought Birmingham had made a great mistake in buying the gas, but the good cheer he had partaken of had, I

fear, made him slightly light-headed. There was another hopeless old lunatic who thought the town was sowing the seeds of heavy debt and dire destruction in acquiring the water. But this old imbecile I was informed suffered from a moist mania, and would long ago have had water on the brain only that it was impossible.

PORTRAITS—JOHN MILTON.

[CONCLUDED.]

SUCH were the fruits of my private studies, which I gratuitously presented to the Church and to the State, and for which I was recompensed by nothing but impunity, though the actions themselves procured me peace of conscience and the approbation of the good, while I exercised that freedom of discussion which I loved.

Others, without labour or desert, got possession of honours and emoluments, but no one ever knew me either soliciting anything myself or through the medium of my friends—ever beheld me in a supplicating posture at the doors of the senate, or the levees of the great.

I usually kept myself secluded at home, where my own property, part of which had been withheld during the civil commotions, and part of which had been absorbed in the oppressive contributions which I had to sustain, afforded me a scanty subsistence.

When I was released from these engagements, and thought that I was about to enjoy an interval of uninterrupted ease, I turned my thoughts to a continued history of my country, from the earliest times to the present period. I had already finished four books, when, after the subversion of the monarchy and the establishment of a republic, I was surprised by an invitation from the Council of State, who desired my services in the office for foreign affairs. A book appeared soon afterwards, which was ascribed to the king, and contained the most invidious charges against the Parliament. I was ordered to answer it, and opposed the Iconoclast to his Icon. I did not insult over fallen majesty, as is pretended, I only preferred Queen Truth to King Charles. The charge of insult, which I saw that the malevolent would urge, I was at some pains to remove in the beginning of the book, and as often as possible in other places. Salmasius then appeared, to whom they were not, as More says, long in looking about for an opponent, but immediately appointed me, who happened at the time to be present in the council.

I have thus, sir, given some account of myself, in order to stop your mouth, and to remove any prejudices which your falsehoods and misrepresentations might cause even good men to entertain against me.—*"Second Defence of the People of England,"* Vol. I., Bohn's edition, 1848.

Milton was married 24 May, 1643, to Mary Powell, of Oxfordshire. His wife left him a month after their union, owing to his quiet and studious habits. After publishing his "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," 1644, his wife, however, returned, having repented of her indiscretion in separating from him, and implored for pardon and reconciliation on her knees. Moved by her entreaties, and satisfied of her contrition, he consented to forget the past, and to receive her back with affection to his bosom and his home. The pathetic scene of Adam's reconciliation with Eve, depicted so beautifully in his "Paradise Lost," is supposed to have been intended as a delineation of this affecting scene. Milton's father died about 1647. His wife died at Whitehall in 1652, leaving him three daughters. This domestic bereavement was succeeded by another, still more melancholy—his total loss of sight, caused, it is supposed, by incessant reading and study.

His second wife, Katherine Woodcock, of Hackney, he married Nov., 1656. She died in childbirth, within a year after their marriage, and the daughter she bore him soon followed her to the grave.

His third wife, Elizabeth Minshall, of Cheshire, he married about 1660 or 3. She survived him 52 years, having died in 1727.

Milton died in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, London, on 8 Nov., 1674, in the 66th year of his age. He was buried near his father in the chancel of St. Giles', Cripplegate. A simple stone was placed over his tomb, and remained undisturbed for some years, until Mr. Whitbread erected, in the middle aisle of the church, a marble bust, with a tablet recording the date of the poet's birth and death. In 1737 a tomb was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, at the expense of Benson.

Milton was remarkable for his personal beauty. His disposition and temper were cheerful, and those who knew him most intimately esteemed him for his virtues as much as they admired him for his genius and his learning.

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT. **HOPGOOD & CO.'S N. & S. Hair Cream,** commended by Eminent Physicians, for its "surprising and unfailing success," may be had of all Chemists & Perfumers, at 4/-, 2/6, 1/6, 5/-, & 11/-. H. & CO.'S Sedative Cold Cream. 6d., 1/-, & 2/6.

JANUARY.

THE good old year has flown away
Into the darkness of the past;
Like all our friends, he dies at last,
Nor evermore may greet the day.

Flown to the sunless realms afar,
His smile is dead forever now;
The sunshine ne'er may cross the brow
Where he and all his kindred are.

Another king rules o'er the world,
And wields the power he used to wield;
Another conqueror takes the field,
Another standard is unfurled.

And January, cold and keen,
Comes forward to this earth of ours;
O, may his e'er uncertain hours
Be fairer than they erst have been.

Come forth, but come not with a frown,
To cloud the gladness of the day;
We love to see the sunshine play
Above the dreary field and town.

O, leave thy roaring winds behind;
Thy lingering storms; thy sleet and snow;
O, smile away our darksome woe,
And cheer the heart, and ease the mind.

The sadness of the bosom dies;
The failing heart of hope revives;
And gladness dawns upon our lives,
When sunshine beams in friendly eyes.

The robin pours his glad some song
From off the long deserted spray;
He dreams of spring's awakening day,
When joy shall cheer the bosom long.

And here and there the eye may see
The snowdrop soaring to the sun,
That cometh, but too soon is gone,
From man and bird, from flower and tree.

But, January, we will hail
Thy coming with a cheerful smile,
For as thou livest on the while,
We pass beyond the wintry pale.

We pass beyond the darksome hours,
The cheerless skies, the careless blast,
And our fond hearts shall reach at last
The glorious sunshine and the flowers.

T. A.

EMPLASTRUM: MR. MUGGINS TRIES A PLASTER.

I HAVE been ill. A friend advised me to try a plaster. A poor-house plaster, I think, he called it.

I tried one.

I didn't boil it, and take it in that way; nor did I bake it, or stew it, or cook it in any other way. I was not so idiotic as that.

I stuck it cold—and raw—and stuck it on my back.

It stuck!

I said to myself: "That feels better."

I don't think I lied about it intentionally. At that time I really did think it improved my sanitary condition—if that is a correct synonym for a lame back.

I kept it on for about three days, and during the interim I applauded the wonderful efficacy and merits of the poor-us plaster, advised every friend to wear one, and wrote a long certificate in its favour, and wound up with the usual terminal phrase, that "no well regulated family should be without one."

About that time it began to itch.

Then I knew it was doing me a power of good. I wriggled and twisted occasionally, and my friends observed that I was getting nervous.

I was getting rather nervous, I think, myself. Still that would wear off, of course, in due time.

But how it did worry me!

It didn't do any good to scratch it. I might as well have scratched the back of a rhinoceros.

I rubbed my back against the doors, the window jambs, and every available and accessible angular prominence about the house, till I wore off all the paint, and reduced seven coats to a condition of rags.

Then Mrs. M. said I was a miserable old fool, and asked me why I didn't take it off.

Sure enough! Why not? Of course!

Still it was doing me so much good. I disliked to remove it for fear of a relapse.

But when Mrs. M. gently observed that I was an "Obstinate old idiot," I caught the inspiration of her poetic muse, and made up my mind to sacrifice my health, and even the plaster, if need be, to save the paint and the coats. Times were so hard, you know; and then the gummed old thing did itch like sixty.

When I took old of it to yank it off, it didn't come! I worked my nails along the edge, but it was no use. I suppose I might have got it off if I could have worked myself into a frame of mind to submit patiently to the process of scalping my spinal backbone, but I didn't want to be scalped—at least, not on my dorsal spine.

The thing would be so absurdly undignified, you know.

I got a spatula and tried that. No go. Took a knife and jabbed the point here and there. Hurt like anything, but didn't start the plaster.

Then I tried to claw it off with a currycomb. Abraded the adjacent propinquity extensively, and made me "holler," but still the plaster stuck. Heavens! how fast it stuck! And how it did itch!

Then a brilliant idea flashed in upon my intellectual confusion. I would melt it off with a red-hot flat-iron. Patiently I endured the intolerable irritation while the iron was heating; and then, as this was a surgical operation that I could not well perform myself, I pressed Mrs. M. into service and awaited the attack.

I know not whether it was that Mrs. M. was possessed, at that moment, with a spirit of evil, or whether the flat-iron was too hot, or a pernicious mixture of both, but the moment the iron struck my back, I sprang as if I had been fired off by a catapult, and yelled like a Caramuchee Indian.

This was too much! And still it stuck—and still, in spite of the pain, it itched.

About that time my friend who prescribed this delightful remedy dropped in. I think if he had attempted to haul down the American flag at that moment, I could have shot him on the spot.

"Put some cold water on it and it will come off," said he, in reply to my pathetic appeals.

I applied the cold water on it, and, sure enough, the plaster dropped off like magic!

Then I went and crawled into the bath-tub, and turned on the cold water, and stayed there and soaked three days.

My back is now entirely well, but I retract all I said in favour of the poor-us plaster.

No more for me!

Yours cataplastically,

—Wolverhampton Lantern.

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

THE DROVER AND THE YOKEL.

DROVER (who is driving a number of cows along the road, to Yokel): "Hy, boy! stop that ere cow in front."

BOY (gazing stolidly at the Drover): "What for, measthur; dun you want me t' stop it fro' growin'?"

The Drover, seeing that the runaway cow is going in a wrong direction, yells:—

"Turn that cow, boy, wilts'?"

BOY (wonderingly): "What! turn it inside eaut, done yo' meean?"

DROVER (disgusted): "Get away, yo' yung besom, un tell thi mother t' gie thi some tit—theau gauby."

[Exeunt both, with very uncomplimentary remarks apropos each other's perspicacity.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw* 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. The Editor does not engage to return MS. unless a stamped envelope be enclosed, nor will he be responsible for their loss, as our waste-paper basket is a large one, and is consigned to the P.D. several times per diem. Neither can we undertake to pay for contributions unless by special arrangement.

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Mr. Denton begs to call particular attention to the following Extracts from Letters and Testimonials from some of the persons who have been cured:—

"70, Ashton New Road, November 2nd, 1878.
Dear Sir,—My conscience will not allow me to postpone any longer tendering to you my most sincere thanks for the wonderful cure you have worked upon me. Your invaluable Preparation has done wonders. In order that this well-merited commendation may be seen to be something more than mere flattery, I will just mention one or two instances illustrative of the improvement of the condition in my sense of hearing. Thanks to you, this sense is now delicate. . . . I would remind you that I have suffered from deafness all my life. By occupation I am a pupil teacher. The noise occasioned by ordinary school duties has been so great of late that I sent a boy the other day for a piece of wool to put in my ears, in order to diminish it. Last Sunday I attended church, as usual, and, although the minister was an Irishman, and, of course, a little imperfect in pronunciation, I heard every word in the whole of his discourse. I am not able to express my gratitude to you, but I will say that I hope you will be long spared to go on in your Christian work of healing and relieving, by your intelligence and experience, the sufferings from this distressing affliction of your fellow-men.

great astonishment and delight, at the first visit you gave substantial proof of your ability. Unsolicited, I am happy to acquaint you that I can now hear with acuteness, and as well as ever I could in my life. The successful result of your thoroughly practical ability on myself prompts me to recommend you to all who are suffering from Deafness, and I shall only be too glad to give you the opportunity of referring any of your patients for my personal opinion.—Yours ever thankfully,
JOHN HOPWOOD.

"Mr. JAS. DENTON."

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"To Mr. Denton."

"Mr. Denton."

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JOHN MOSS."

"Seedley Grove, Pendleton, July 9th, 1878.
"My dear Sir,—Having been troubled with Deafness for some years, I mentioned the fact to a friend, and upon his recommendation, I was induced to try your skill, and to my

"Yours gratefully,
ARTHUR WARREN."

"Shaw, near Oldham, January 25th, 1878."

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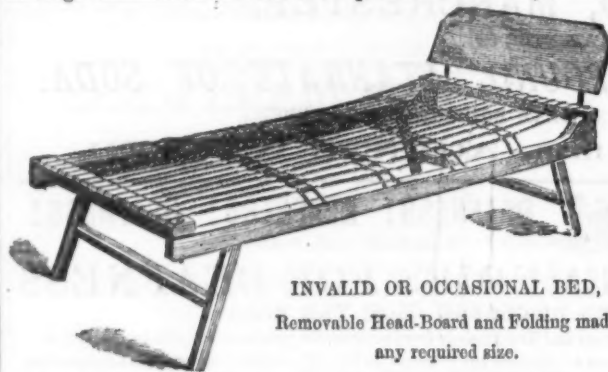
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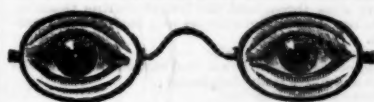
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